UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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TO PALEOLITHIC MAN

(RESTORED IN A MUSEUM)

My Father! Lo, thy hundred thousand years
  Are but as yesterday when it is past.
Today thy very voice is in mine ears;
  On mine own mirror is thy likeness cast.

Thy sap it is in these my veins runs green;
  Thine are these knitted thews of bone and skin;
This cushioned width lay once thy ribs between,
  As my heart did with thine its work begin.

Be it however contoured, this frail cup
  That holds the stuff and substance of my brain
From thy prognathic skull was molded up:
  Do I not share with thee the mark of Cain?

And shall I shudder at the thickened neck,
  Full from thy shoulders to thy sloping head?
It bore the brunt of many a rout and wreck
  That spared the slender loins whence I was bred.

And do I blush, my Father, seeing how
  Thy furry jowl is kindred to my cheek?
It shuts upon a tongue, I mind me now,
  Which stuttering spent itself that I might speak.

I and my brothers roam this rich To-day
  Unhindered, unafraid, because thy feet
Stone-bruised and heavy with primordial clay,
  God's winepress trod to make our vintage sweet.

—*Fanny Hodges Newman.*

After the first of July and until further notice the editorial office of UNITY will be at Tower Hill, Wis. All communications to the Editor through the mail should be addressed as above. The business office will remain as usual at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. Subscriptions and other purely business communications should be sent there. Our readers are accustomed to this arrangement and we ask their forbearance for any shortcomings incident to this long-armed editing. The Tower Hill community is already gathering. The season will be opened July 1. "Old Helena Cottage" is already occupied by Rev. O. C. Helming, of the University Congregational Church of Chicago, and his family. The "Lanier Cottage" has passed into the possession of Professor J. A. Johnson of the Chicago Public Schools, and is to be occupied by his family during the entire season. David Lofts, one of the Trustees of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, has rented the new "Hotel Extreme," and his wife and daughter take possession July 1. "Waldesruh" is to be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lewis and family of Chicago. The "Ambrose L. Thomas Cottage" will be occupied by Mrs. Cora Stanton Brown, of Indianapolis, and her daughter, the gifted violinist, and other members of the family. Mrs. A. L. Kelly, Miss Evelyn H. Walker, Miss Bertha M. Howe and other members of the Old Guard are planning to take prompt possession. Miss Lutie E. Stearns was in consultation at the Lincoln Centre last week, planning for the Sixth Annual Woman's Congress to be held during the closing days of the Summer School, August 11—13, and it is to be the best yet. The Senior Editor writes this note from "Westhope Cottage," where he arrived last night, June 23, after a strenuous itinerary involving twelve commencement and other addresses all in the month of June, scattered through Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Here he had hoped to cease from toiling, but an emergency calls him back to Chicago to give a course of five lectures and readings from Browning before the Chicago University, June 27—30, after which the only cares of the summer will be the love-tasks of UNITY, the Tower Hill Summer School, July 16—August 13, and the care of seven promising Jersey calves.

The beatitude, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled," is as applicable to the life of the community as it is to the individual. It is just as good a text for the city of Chicago as it is for any citizen in Chicago. It is just as fundamental in the politics of the state of Illinois as it is in the life of any individual, and it is just as imperative in the Senate halls in Washington on Monday as it is in the church on Sunday. It is as good a text for a Fourth of July address as for a Sunday sermon. It is the foundation for the highest patriotism as well as the basis for a well-ordered home. Chicago as a city needs to read this beatitude of the hungering, and know that there is no beauty for it, no sanity for it, no health for it, except such as comes from the masterful hunger for righteousness.

"Socialism" is a word of doubtful, ever varying denotation in current speech. The would-be representatives on the inside, if there be an inside, are making strenuous effort to force the word into a definite meaning. They would make it denote a specific program, a very definite theory of economics and government. But in spite of these self-appointed interpre-

ters the word continues to stand for a "connotation," to borrow the terms of Mill's logic, that is too large to be outlined, too fluid for a program. It represents a spirit rather than a body, a movement rather than a creed. *Life* is not considered a thought journal, still less an authority in politics or religion, dogmatically expressed, but it is often caught in much clear thinking. For instance: "Socialism in its largest aspect means simply that everybody knows what he is capable of becoming: then he will get what he wants and what he ought to have."

The Fourth of July is at hand and the cry of "Sane Fourth!" is heard throughout the land. But spite of all preaching and writing, a sane Fourth can come only by eliminating the insane fathers whom the *National Post* reminds that "during the last eight years 1,662 persons were killed on the Fourth of July, 37,526 people were injured, and the destruction of private property by fire has reached into the millions." But these "insane fathers" cannot be scared out of their insanity. They must be wooed and won by saner methods. The saloon-keepers, the sporting men, promoters of horse-racing, gambling, and the dissipations of life, have been allowed to arrange Fourth of July activities long enough. Let the ethical, educational and religious organizations make haste to take the lead and let them arrange such programs for thought, social enjoyment and the civic spirit and advancement as will inject sanity into the brains of the fathers who go insane from sheer vacuity of mind.

President Edmund J. James, of the University of Illinois, in his address upon the Economic Significance of a Comprehensive System of National Education, before the American Economic Association, December, 1910, pleading for a more rational use of the national resources, spoke as follows concerning our expenditures for war and armaments:

"The statement has been made that of late the appropriations of the federal government are distributed in such a way that nearly seventy-five per cent may be properly classed as war expenditures, that is, preparation for war, pensions payable on account of war, interest on the public debt contracted because of war, etc. My own estimate runs higher. Some twenty-five years ago I made a rough estimate of the expenditures of the federal government up to that time from the year 1789, covering nearly the first century of our national existence. I found that the total expenditure for all purposes on the part of the federal government had been something like eighteen billions of dollars, and of that amount sixteen and one-half billions had been spent for war, using the term again in its large sense, of money spent in preparation for war, in the conduct of war, and in settling the bills after the war was over. In other words, the expenditure of the federal government up to that time had been sixteen and one-half units for war and one and one-half for all other purposes whatsover, including the so-called enormous expenditures for river and harbor improvements. Eleven-twelfths of the income of the federal government spent on war! And this is a peaceful nation!"

Brutal Economics

The following communication from a "Florida Operator" is clipped from a trade journal published in Savannah, Georgia, and is entitled "An Appeal to Turpentine Operators." Were it not for the source, one would be glad to doubt the sincerity of it. The logic of it is so archaic and brutal that one would be glad to believe it a piece of ironical writing.

At the first reading one discovers the belated logic of a slave-driver, for this man who proposes to make money in the turpentine business by enforcing the "nigger" philosophy of the slave driver is himself a strange survival of the old regime from which the South has been trying to free itself at the awful cost of the bellum and post-bellum days. Any true reading of the post-bellum business experiences of the South reveals the flagrant economic fallacy of this slave-driving "operator" in turpentine. One needs but consult the government census table and take note of the ever-increasing acreage of land owned by colored people, the number of banks controlled by them, the places of trust and responsibility occupied by colored men by the consent and direction of these very "southerners" that are misrepresented by the "Florida Operator." And a second reading of this production from the pen of a representative of the coarsest aristocracy, the would-be employer class, who assume that labor is a commodity that can be bought in the open market like the tar barrels which are to hold the finished product, and that of course it is the business of the employer to buy this, like all other commodities, at the cheapest price possible and to "sell" the same at the highest price available reveals an economic theory and a sociology so at variance with the primary principles of social science and civilized life that to state it is to refute it. So we print this letter in entirety and wish it might be circulated as a tract in the interest of the humaner, the more economic road to prosperity. Doubtless the tar-makers have their labor perplexities and their financial difficulties, and they have a right to the sympathies and the patience of those who are ignorant of the near and the inside view of things, but this is not the way out of it.

One thing I wish I could impress on the minds of the turpentine operators, and that is to remember a passage of Scriptures wherein it is said that the harvest is great and the laborers are few. The prices of spirits and rosins are high and the laborers are scarce. The more wages we pay the less work we get done. It is an established fact, as all southerners know, that a darkey, as a rule, will not make any more time at his work than he is compelled to make to satisfy his bodily wants. They are a class of people that cannot stand prosperity. The quicker the negro makes a dollar the quicker he will stop work. The more you pay, the more hands you need. High prices for chipping and dipping stop the chipper from chipping and the dipper from dipping. High wages means that the chipper will not chip ten thousand boxes any more. He has to go off to spend his money and let the work wait until the money he has earned

is gone. So, brother operators, please let us hold down the prices paid our labor this year, so we can make something and pay our debts. The negro does not need the additional money. He does not save it nor make any good use of it. We will ruin ourselves if we ruin the negro with more pay.

Very truly,

FLORIDA OPERATOR.

Walt Whitman, Prophet and Democrat

Walt Whitman, the most complete expression of American democracy which has yet appeared, was born on Long Island, educated on its fields and shores, in the Brooklyn public schools and the New York City streets. When his contemporary, Lowell, was entering Harvard College, Whitman was teaching school, having already served an apprenticeship at the printer's trade. He was subsequently in newspaper work in the East, in the South, and again in the East, with long intervening wanderings. About 1850, when he was thirty-one years of age, he had an unusual experience, comparable to that of the Apostle Paul, when he entered into a larger relationship which can only be called cosmic. He testifies:

I, too, following many and follow'd by many, inaugurate a religion, I descend into the arena,
(It may be that I am destined to utter the loudest cries there, the winner's pealing shouts,
Who knows? They may rise from me yet, and soar above everything.)
Each for its own sake,
I say the whole earth and all the stars in the sky are for religion's sake.

Subsequently he worked as a carpenter in Brooklyn, wrote, lectured, and made speeches, and in 1855, the year of his father's death, the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" appeared, the most significant literary product of American life. Its purpose and accomplishment cannot be better described than in his own words, "A feeling or ambition to articulate and faithfully express in literary or poetic form, and uncompromisingly, my own physical, emotional, moral, intellectual, and aesthetis personality, in the midst of, and tallying, the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days, and of current America—and to exploit that personality, in a far more candid and comprehensive sense than any hitherto poem or book."

Whitman knew himself and America and the Universe in a more intimate way than any man this country has produced. He may have revealed himself too fully for conventional ideas. He certainly revealed a person who is not above criticism. But his entrance into the life of other men and of Nature and of the Infinite, is the most elevating and illuminating contribution which has been made to democracy. In his "Song of Myself," he identifies himself with others without reserve, and with a genuineness which it is almost impossible to duplicate:

Walt Whitman; a cosmos, of Manhattan the son,
Turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking, and breeding,
No sentimentalist, no stander above men and women or apart from them,
No more modest than immodest. . . . .
And whatever is done or said returns at last to me . . . .
I speak the pass-word primeval, I give the sign of democracy,
By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms.

This unity of Whitman and man is no more vivid to him than his consciousness of identity with God and the Universe. He is not an egotist any more than he is an atheist. He naively considers himself a part of everything, even the Infinite, because he is a Pantheist:

I know I am deathless,
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass, . . .
I know I am august,
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood,
I see that the elementary laws never apologize.

Whitman's attitude toward slavery or sex or death is explained by his cosmic philosophy. The body is good and is not to be abused, whether it is that of man or woman, slave or animal. He loved to lie by the river bank naked as he loved the beauty of a human figure, male or female, but it was the simple love of one to whom all nature is worthy. His respect for woman is shown in his repeated tributes to motherhood: "A man is a great thing upon the earth and through eternity but every jot of the greatness of man is unfolded out of woman."

His conception of democracy was fraternal rather than political. The great city is one "where no monuments exist to heroes but in the common words and deeds . . . where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authority; where the citizen is always the head and ideal, and president, mayor, governor, and what-not, are agents for pay . . . where women enter the public assembly and take places the same as the men:

Where the city of the faithfulest friends stands,
Where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes stands,
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands,
Where the city of the best-bodied mothers stands,
There the great city stands.

CHARLES ZUEBLIN.

Chambers of Commerce for Peace

The World Peace Foundation in Boston has received strong resolutions endorsing President Taft's negotiation of the unreserved arbitration treaty with Great Britain from 138 of the leading Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce in the United States; and every mail is bringing similar resolutions from other commercial bodies. Many of them are accompanied by warm and earnest personal letters from the presidents or secretaries of the various organizations. These bodies represent the almost unanimous sentibent of the leading business men of their several cities; and the cities already thus heard from have a combined population of 19,000,000. The resolutions and many of the accompanying letters will be forwarded to the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. The Chambers of Commerce in Great Britain and France are expressing themselves as earnestly as our American organizations. It is expected that the visit to Europe of the great body of representatives of American Chambers of Commerce will be the occasion everywhere of impressive and influential demonstrations in behalf of universal arbitration and international fraternity.

THE PULPIT

Joint Heirs and Joint-owners of the Two Worlds

SERMON PREACHED BY REV. QUINCY L. DOWD, AT THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, ROSCOE, ILL.

And Peter said, Lo, we have left (all) our own, and followed thee. And he (Jesus) said unto them, Verily, There is no man that hath left house, or wife, or brethren, or parents, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this time, and in the world to come eternal life.—Luke XVIII; 28-30.

Plainly enough Peter had made a choice between two worlds, and his Lord accepted this fact, only saying that the man who chooses God's Kingdom first and last cannot really deprive himself or be deprived of large goods here in this life.

The one world, or two worlds, or possibly many worlds, is a poser for the human mind almost as old as thought. It is a great point gained to secure a faith and ethics corresponding, which find room for at least the two worlds named for convenience's sake spirit and matter. The division line between them may be only imaginary or illusory, there being such a blending and overlapping because both are necessary the one to the other. The two worlds, or the many, as the case may be, have their counterparts in realms of philosophy, theology, ethics and all the departments of the sciences of human life. How important, therefore, that the great discriminations made by humanity's best thinkers and prophets should be the common property of all our thinking and beliefs. Prof. Simon N. Patten, in an article in the *Survey* of June 3, on "The Ideals of Progress," says, "A new nomenclature of not more than twenty words, a half-dozen well established principles, and a month's reading will put an intelligent man in possession of the facts upon which the biologic contribution to progress depends." Paul found the same thing true in his case. Can we bring our minds into tune and agreement with Jesus and Paul and Peter, so as to take their view of the two worlds, that of time and that of eternity? Who can question that God has at least the two worlds, one present and visible, the other unseen and, for us, in the future? It is perfectly clear that Christ kept both these wonderful worlds in his thought inseparably and constantly. The one was as real to him as the other, or, if anything, the invisible world, what we name "heaven," seemed to him the nearer and held his heart fast; for from that second upper world he received all truth, all strength, all direction and rule. Still, Jesus did not separate the two worlds, save for convenience of speaking and in dealing with ordinary men, who seldom, if ever, can and do hold together in their mind and interest the one double-sided universe, visible and invisible. To be sure, many of the religious Jews had come to think of a life after death for men, and of their places of abode beyond the grave. The dark and gloomy Sheol of the Hebrews' original belief, or the Hades of the Greek faith, th Avernus of the Romans, this was their underworld of sepulchers and uneasy spirits, where practically all the dead were supposed to barely exist as "shades" of the departed. But that dreary, dusty underworld of the ancients gradually gave place in their minds to a future state of human immortals where they were divided and separated according to individual moral worth or unworth. These places of human abode in the future world are popularly and theologically known as heaven and hell. But, when Jesus lived and taught here, the beliefs of men touching "the two worlds" were very crude and materialistic, very harsh and ungospel-like. The ordinary Jew's opinion about the world to come was decidedly unspiritual and unethical, from God's standpoint, or from that of a sensible good man's either. It amounted, practically, to a Jew's heaven, and hell for the heathen. What, then, had Jesus for a faith as to God's two world's, and what does he offer to our faith on this subject? It is plain enough from many, many of his statements thrown out in the gospel that our Lord was a firm and convinced believer in both "the world that now is, and in that which is to come." He kept his own feet on the ground, and was always busy with the affairs of men around him; yet his heart, as is said of the Scotch laddie, was "in the Highlands;" he ever breathed the air of heaven; ever felt that he and God were in touch and were moving on the same business for both worlds, though one in reality. One instance is as good as another taken from his life-book. Once the matter came up of persons "bringing to him also their babes, that he should touch them." This was the very thing which pleased the Master most; and he declared that "the Kingdom of God is theirs." Then he went on to say it as a general truth—"Verily I say unto you, 'whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein.'" Right after this story it is related that a Jewish ruler, a man of some consequence, asked a question, saying, Good Teacher, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" This led on to quite a serious talk about matters of religion, and of man's duty and necessity; yes, of his chance to have and gain treasure in heaven as well as to hold property on earth. From what Jesus said about the hard case of this rich man the disciples themselves were upset and perplexed, saying, "Then who can be saved?" But Peter rallied somewhat at thought of how he and others of them had forsaken their nets and fishing and homes even to join Jesus in his life-task with God. Immediately this gave Christ the opportunity to speak out again his own definite faith and expectation regarding both the present place of man's life and doings and his certainty of the world beyond with its high good simply expressed as "eternal life," and left at that. Follow on, now to note what happened in the minds of those later, chosen, converted men and women who held to the faith of Jesus; beginning after his ascension to heaven and to God, they, too, thought and acted as people thoroughly alive to "the two worlds of God," believing that man's moral and religious course here bespeak for him, there a portion of "honor, glory and immortality" in the

inheritance of God; or else by his disobedience and ill-doing he lays up for himself in the future world—"wrath and indignation, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that worketh evil." I need not multiply passages from Paul and Peter and John and the other New Testament Christians to establish this single fact, that they heartily and unanimously took this view, even as Jesus their Master held the same, a belief that God has for us men two worlds to be heirs in and owners of.

But having settled this simple two-world fact in gospel-terms, it still remains to confess that men down the centuries have put their minds to work on such mighty subjects as both of God's worlds suggest; they reason and philosophize on several points not quite clear and complete in Bible-teachings, and about which thoughtful minds may and will differ. We naturally and perforce philosophize on things both of the here and the hereafter. The three leading groups of thinkers and theologizers may be ranked as "dualists," "monists," and "pluralists;" that is, those who believe in a dual, or two-fold state of being. They think they find two antagonistic principles, good and evil; two sorts of persons, good and wicked; also two worlds, that of earth and that of heaven, or the world of matter and the world of spirit. Such are the "dualists." The "monists" believe that there is but one existence; one Being or Universe; that good is only what has been developed out of the not-good, i. e., ordinarily called "evil," or "devil." In a word, God is all-and-in-all; he fills all worlds; hence there is no room or chance for that other dual person known as Satan. Nor can there be both hell and heaven; only heaven can be where God is, and God is everywhere. So much for the "monists"; and monism, as you see, comes very near to the level and stand of pantheism, whether in its ancient Hindu form, or in its modern image of Christian Science. There is yet "pluralism" to be dealt with. I do not profess to describe these three "cults" of philosophy with nice accuracy, but only to give account of them in the rough. I think to my best recollection that "pluralism" is a philosophic term invented by the late Professor James, of Harvard University. Plural means many, i. e., we are not shut up to just a "dual" world, and to "dual" beings, God and devil; nor to just two worlds, earth and heaven offset by hell; nor to just two clearly defined, mutually exclusive moral ideals, sin and holiness; but things are so in human experience, and in the natural world, and in our diversity of thinking and doing that we may safely reckon on many, that is, "plural" gods. Are there not many grades and varieties of souls? Are there not plural worlds and places, now and to come? In other words, one does not necessarily say, as "dualists" do, "this or that;" but one should say as does our "pluralist," "both this and that and as many more as we can find out and know." This is pluralism. I would not confuse and perplex anyone by using these strange, unfamiliar terms of the expert and scientific philosophers. It is enough that common people and mere Christians such as we are should simply get a clue to the great lines of hard and sensible reasoning about things of God and man, these lines or highways of thought being from of old down to the present day. You and I may be "monistic" in our way of thinking, believing and acting, without knowing it, as "monism" teaches; or "dualistic" in our ideas and practical living, yet unconscious of so learned a word as "dualism." I do not know how it is about any one of us being "pluralists" unconsciously, that is, whether we are indulging beliefs in many gods. How many grades of beliefs, how many shades of conduct, let me ask, are ours, so that we may be spoken of as neither indulging beliefs in good or bad, but just a mixture of all sorts of bad and good impulses and opinions? However, that we may understand ourselves and keep a firm grasp on the plain teachings of Jesus and his apostles concerning "the two worlds" and concerning the two grand divisions in souls and in morals, viz., good and evil, sinners and saints, believers and unbelievers, the saved and the condemned, heaven and hell, I say just to keep our minds clear on this one matter of faith and theology, let us hold fast to what Jesus told Peter and the rest of the twelve, saying, "There is no man that hath left house, or wife, or brethren, or parents, or children, for the Kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this time, and in the world to come eternal life." Here, to use the word loosely, is a degree of "dualism," i. e., our text contains a dual thought of the present world with houses, wives, brothers, children and all the rest as over against God's Kingdom, for whose sake a man can and will at the pinch surrender the former values. Then, too, there is the dual existence, the now-life fixed to this earth and the "eternal life," which, though one gets his inalienable part in it here is chiefly viewed as belonging to a future range of being and enjoying. With this explanation it ought to be possible for us to determine our own position among the reasoners and philosophers, whether as "monists," "dualists," or "pluralists."

I think it is safe to assert that nearly every one to whom I am speaking is either a "dualist" or a "monist." But it will be useful and helpful, perhaps, if I set forth a few definite statements of my own faith, both religious and moral.

(1). God creates and dwells in at least two worlds well described as spiritual and material, though substantially one and known as The Universe. It is not that I care so much for the Universe of two worlds however extensive, varied and magnificent, which makes my faith good and glorious to me, but that God, my God, is the Author and Upholder of all things created, both visible and invisible. What a splended truth, and how splendidly felt and told by men who gave us our Bible! And they used this, their knowledge of the truth, as their most powerful religious support. It gave energy of soul to master that other proud, ignorant, unjust and impious world surrounding them; and they could survive its worst doings and disasters. Read Isaiah, 40th chapter, to feel the force and victory in a man whose God is "The Everlasting God, Jehovah, the Creator of the ends of the earth, who fainteth not, neither is weary: there is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint, and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength." Paul was another who lived in

the same thought of the God of both worlds, and all worlds. He has asked what possible enemies and calamities shall be able to separate us from the love of Christ, and answers, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." An old, old statement of mind and heart, yet how vigorous and new in my mind and yours to-day!

(2). God provides his two worlds (not merely one of them), for his human heirs to get possession of and to own with him. What does it mean when Paul says that Christ's believers are "heirs of the promises?" What do you imagine it to mean—those words at the close of the 11th of Hebrews, where after having told all about the ancient men of faith from Abel down to Samuel and the prophets, it is said: "And these all, having had witness borne them through their faith, received not the promise, 'that is, did not see or arrive at God's fulfilment of his faithful word,' God having provided and foreseen some better thing concerning us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect?" Evidently God's plan and goodness stretches from the dawn of creation far, far on even unto us; and then along the distant ages of the unborn and the unknown. Enough to lift up our souls and fire our hopes that Jesus assures you and me, yes,—any one who now leaves this, that, or the other petty, home-bound, servile object of affection for God's kingdom's sake, saying that we shall surely obtain here and now "much more" than we by any possibility offer up, and "in the world to come eternal life."

(3). Again, man is so built and put together in body, mind and spirit that his entire manhood requires God's two worlds and aspires unto both. I know there are those who say, "one world at a time;" or, "one world is enough for mortal man;" or, "the world that now is is the only world that is or can be." Here is "monism" with a vengeance. If one can judge by actions and appearances to-day the crowds of people, whether in the churches or outside of them, are practical, if not theoretical, "monists" of the materialist sort. In other words, they take God's present world and say of it, "This world is ours, and we make it what it is, and will get from it what we can; then shall we lie down in the dust and be no more." But seek now a people at the other extreme from this material "monism" with its one world now in sight, for there is another order of monism and monists. Strange as it sounds to our ears there are millions of people, a few of them in America and clustered especially around Boston and Los Angeles, who are "monists" of another stripe from the secular, to whom this visible, matter-of-fact world we tread and which furnishes us a living is really a nonenity, i. e., a world of sensation and illusion having no existence of its own. Their so-called "other world," is the only real one—the invisible and infinite presence of Deity; this is the All, the One, the Good ineffable. Their religious and philosophic endeavor is to gain absorption into the "One"—and to be lost in the All. Nor can we doubt that there is in human mind and soul an irresistible hankering for The Infinite, for the Supreme Essence or Substance, for the Omnipotent Originator of all that is. Once the soul of man becomes abstracted in thought by peering out into the infinitudes of space, of time, of Being, then he is liable to get so far from home, so far from his ordinary useful senses, so far, too, from the God of his intelligence and his faith that he is daft and lost, having no real world at all.

It is reasonable and safe, to my own mind, just to allow that God, who has his two worlds also means man to share fully in both worlds; hence has fitted our nature to both, and sets our conscience and desires instinctively at this noble work of "seeking for glory, honor and immortality" while busily engaged in all well-doing right here and now these short years of our lives. My faith in God and in his two worlds is so confirmed and so dear to me that I can never rest content in having this "precious faith" to myself. Who of us, my friends, are of this faith in God's worlds of the present and the future, of the outer life and the inner spirit? of the eternal distinction between right and wrong, good and evil? Who of us believes our nature is built in the style of a two-world service and blessing? One more question: Who of us is busy all the days building our own conduct and character up to levels to fit the eternal and spiritual heaven as well as have it fit the transient earth?

(4). One important truth we must hold and act by ever, viz., the world-here and the world-there are both our joint-inheritance. We are "heirs together" of all that God has created, being, as Paul says, "joint-heirs with Christ." You remember that Jesus, telling his disciples of every one's right and chance to make the great "leaving of all things for the kingdom of God's sake, thereby being assured of abundance here and eternal life besides," put it all on the basis of "the kingdom of God." And, pray, what is "the kingdom of God?" Is it not the "common lot," the "common good," the "common obedience and reward of good work," the disposition and effort to serve one another in the spirit and power of Jesus? He himself labored to this end—his business of love,—to care for and to save everybody. He teaches us to pray: "Our Father in heaven, thy kingdom come; thy will be done, as in heaven so on earth." This is but the happy art of living together. This present world is our training school in this most human and most heavenly of all arts. In so far as we live happily and healthily and helpfully together in our earthly communities, just so far are we prepared to be translated to higher spheres of God's worlds.

An early Christian hymn runs thus:

> Let them take our life,
> Goods, honor, child and wife;
> Let all these go,
> Yet is the gain not theirs;
> The Kingdom still is ours.

A modern church in town or country serves and flourishes in proportion to the martyr-spirit of its members. Our individual and united power and willingness to give witness to the truth, and to how

it works in us, this is what honors Jesus before men, this is what becomes "a savor of life unto life" for ourselves. Just what forms and will-energies should and must a modern martyr-spirit call out? One and another figure of man and woman whom I have known in years past visit my mind just now; and what do they show me in regard to their faith and experience of the two worlds of God we have been talking about? Oh, how keenly alive and full of joyful interest they were here in our present world of flesh! Bustling, eager, cheery, hearty in thinking of the things of others as well as of their own things, always on hand among God's people at worship and generous in their contributions; and, what is of more avail, giving business-thought to how church-affairs were cared for; such are "the spirits of just men and women" living in my mind this moment, who dwell in the light of God unapproachable by mere mortals.

The Story of Mrs. Gaskell

Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell was a personality gracious alike as a woman and a writer. She was born in that historic place where so many diverse thinkers have lived and worked—Cheynewalk, Chelsea—but her nature came from the North, for her ancestors were men of Northumberland. Mrs. Gaskell's childhood was spent mostly in that old-world town which lives forever in the heart of every lover of Cranford. Her mother died and she was taken to the home of her aunt, Mrs. Lumb, in the little Cheshire town of Knutsford. It has not lost all its quaintness now, for there are gable ends left in the High-street, and old-fashioned gardens bright with the hardy English flowers that bloomed long ago as well today. But a hundred years ago, when this merry-hearted but watchful-eyed little maid went about the streets of Knutsford, they were still full of the very atmosphere of Cranford, as we breathe it in immortal pages. One of the landmarks was the quaint ivy-covered Unitarian chapel, dating from Oliver Cromwell's time. It was bordered with wych elms, with fragrant lilacs, and laburnums, "dropping wells of fire." Here Mrs. Gaskell went as a child, and in its quiet graveyard she lies buried. . . . Growing up as a girl among the mellow gardens, the high walls and old ladies of Knutsford, that lovable book which will live whether her others do or not, was written in Mrs. Gaskell's heart long before it saw the light. A girl's love for her childhood's atmosphere looms large on every page of "Cranford." It owes its life to the life she lived, and there are about it still those trailing clouds of glory which belong to every childhood, but whose memory never dies or wholly disappears in an imaginative spirit.

Mrs. Gaskell loved quiet places, country lanes, and hedges in spring. She saw what was quaint before quaintness became the fashion, and she reveled in the charm of little country towns. Yet her happiest years were spent near to the centre of the black city of Manchester. In 1832 she married Rev. William Gaskell, minister of Cross-street Unitarian Chapel, Manchester, and with the hum of life in the city of mills and money-making, her own was henceforth to be lived. Mrs. Gaskell was a beautiful woman, and had a nature that wrote upon her face as she grew older that gracious inward beauty that has made many a plain face attractive. At first her home was a very modest one, in which money was scarce, and the care of two little children took all her time. But though at that time she never dreamed of a literary life, hers could never have been a narrow one. Side by side with her many domestic duties, she took a keen and active interest in her husband's work, and in the cotton weavers of Manchester. However busy, she had never neglected the cultivation of her mind, and so when a great sorrow came to her, instead of useless repining, Mrs. Gaskell turned for resource to a work that eased her own heart while it was poured out for the sorrows of others. Even in that day Manchester was a big, black place, but it was not the congested area of endless streets that it has since become. The grey, monotonous life of the mills was there, but individuality had not been well-nigh crowded out by machinery. There was still about Manchester something of the atmosphere of old-fashioned leisure. Here and there, to-day, behind the streets and suburbs, one catches a glimpse of a stately red brick house, a Georgian portico, a quiet corner that is reminiscent of the Manchester where Mrs. Gaskell lived and thought. Hers were the days of the cotton lords. Mill-owners made large fortunes and spent them royally on themselves. For a time the weavers earned good wages, and, following the fashion of their masters, spent them on food and gay clothes as fast as they were received. But the workers in the mills were literally regarded by their masters as "hands," and though many a rich magnate's wife had in her girlhood gone to the mill in clogs, with a shawl over her head, there was little sympathy between masters and men, and anything savoring of socialism was put down with a high hand. And then came the cotton famine, which was to make such a terrible and lasting difference to the life of Manchester. About this time Mrs. Gaskell's only little boy died at Festiniog, in Wales. She turned from her daily life sick with sorrow, and her husband suggested to her that she possessed literary power, and that the writing of a story would help her mind to keep its balance. One evening she was in the cottage of a distracted weaver, who during days of famine was trying to keep his home together on six shillings a week, with bread at sixpence a loaf. As he talked, wildly enough probably, his gentle guest saw the truth through his words, and the whole story of "Mary Barton" rose up complete in her mind. She went home and wrote it, straight from her own heart to the hearts of the English people, and the power behind her pen was her own sorrow and the sorrows of the people among whom she lived with so much sympathy.

As her life went on, the theme of most of Mrs. Gaskell's stories was one that had first touched her sympathies. This was the secret of her appeal, but it often gave her some trouble. The Manchester people were the ones who found fault with

"Mary Barton," and accused her of a sort of socialism. But that was a tribute to her truth, and the girls of Manchester, during days of want and stress, came very near to this woman's heart. She opened a sewing school for them, and many a sad story was poured into her sympathetic ear. To one of her detractors she said, "Ah! Perhaps you have never heard a father tell the story of how his only child was clemmed to death." Sorrow for sin, but sympathy for sorrow might have been Mrs. Gaskell's watchword. The idyll of "Cousin Phillis," the pathetic story of "Ruth," and the terrible power of the press gang in "Sylvia's Lovers," appeal to us because the writer felt them first. Her own life went on very smoothly and with outward quietness in Manchester. Prosperity came to her through her books, and she was able to buy for her family a country home in Hampshire. But she did not live to enjoy it, though she died there. She had always wished to die suddenly, and she had her wish. One day while talking to her children at her own table, she fell lifeless without a struggle, and her fine nature passed away into the unseen world. There is known to the writer today an old woman living in an obscure Manchester street. Riches and success have passed her by, and she does not mingle now with the kind of life that her youth knew. But she has a treasure house of memories of old Manchester, in which is a portrait gallery containing more than one famous figure. Conspicuous among these is Mrs. Gaskell, as a brilliant and graciously beautiful lady of fifty years ago. At many a notable gathering she shone, but always with a still and quiet lustre. She was retiring by nature, and there is a pleasant story told of one evening when a hostess tried in vain to lionize her. Mrs. Gaskell attracted two young girls to a seat on either side of her behind a large round table. Holding them spellbound by her talk, she kept the crowd at bay, and it was always in her home, or in small informal assemblies that she was at her brilliant best. The old lady who remembers her so well loves to tell of a great evening party at which she was once present. It was in the days when drawing-rooms were more magnificent than artistic, and mirrors set in velvet curtains hid the many doorways into this. Down below, dancing and music were the order of the evening, but on a dais at the end of the room three ladies sat in close conversation. One was the hostess, one the old lady who remembers it with such a sad, lingering fondness, and the other the gracious writer, whose talk was not only for those who could give back brilliance for brilliance. The words spoken on that evening have long been forgotten, but the personality of Mrs. Gaskell was one which made Manchester richer than all its gaunt mills and busy looms of industry.

—*Florence Bone, in the Christian Life.*

It is something to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so make a few objects beautiful. It is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look. This morally we can do. —*Thoreau.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Hot Weather Books

We owe a great deal to a publisher of judgment; for there are such, who understand the public, and how to adjust their issues to the weather. I have just laid down a book from Little, Brown & Co., that has served a splendid purpose, during these over-heated days. It has served to keep me cool, not because the book is lacking in fire, but because it possesses wit, literary skill, fragrance, and is a genuine love story,—I hardly ever read a better. Indeed we have in "The Broad Highway," by Jeffery Farnol, a remarkable combination of Chaucer and Dickens, and something of the spicing of Spenser. The story would not take at all if located in America, for it is English in flavor,—old English and new English. There are chapters that for pathos are close up to Dickens, and there are not more than two or three chapters in the book that are lacking in rich originality. In other words, I like the book immensely.

Eaton & Mains send out a little volume about Siberia, written by Rev. Marcus Lorenzo Taft. It is a book that will suit you every way. It does not undertake to say too much, but manages to tell you just what you want to know about Russia and her Asiatic dependencies. He entitles his book "Strange Siberia," and strange everything is, from the scenery to the people. My personal acquaintance with the author makes the book doubly interesting, but I am sure that everybody that gets hold of this little book will slip it in his pocket to read on the cars or in camp, and he will be glad that he did so.

Appleton & Co. are still publishing "Bird Lore," and I hope that UNITY families will do their best to place this little magazine in the hands of their children. It is edited by Frank M. Chapman, and for that reason is edited admirably. The May number opens with the "Ceremonials of Courtship of the American Merganser," and this is followed by a delightful sketch by Mabel Osgood Wright, telling the story of the birds in her garden. It happens, however, that every article is delightful as well as instructive.

E. P. POWELL.

CAPTAINS OF THE DEAD

Not the first growth of spruce and pine,
  Nor the second, nor the third,
Was what I saw in ordered line
  And what at night I heard.

But often, when twilight would fold
  Their shadows in the lake,
While the sun would sink with dreams of old
  And a first faint star would break,

I watched them come to the water's edge,
  Before their vanished race,
Warrior-chiefs from wood and ledge
  And undiscovered place.

I saw them stand with feathered head,
  Unmoving and unmoved,
The captains of a people dead—
  Which first had fought and loved.

Then in the night I heard their prayer
  To Him they hold divine;
And in the dawn were standing there,
  Hemlock and spruce and pine.

—*Witter Bynner.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

APOLOGIES FOR WAR BY CHRISTIAN MINISTERS

I shall take advantage of this opportunity to press home a topic that has impressed me with increasing force. It is this,—is the church a growing or a waning factor in the world today? There are indications that might lead us to answer either way. Let us take one near home. Recently Bishop Codman of this state took occstion to remark with some force and at some length that war is a necessity if a nation is to keep from becoming degenerate; that it is absolutely essential to the moral tone and fiber of a race. Do you think that such an attitude and such a statement by a man in his position tends to enhance or lessen the power of the church? I know what I think of it. His statement is superficial, illogical, antiquated and absolutely and unqualifiedly unchristian. And yet his attitude and his statement are strikingly typical of the forces that tend to weaken the power of the church. Why, we may see later. Let us just now take up the substance of his statement; for through that I think we can readily approach the existing conditions that give the church so unique an opportunity for growth or decay in power.

It is with deliberation that I brand the statement that war is essential to the moral tone and fiber of a nation as superficial, illogical and antiquated. For I have a deal of sympathy with and insight into the point of view from which such a statement was made. I have always believed in the duty of every American citizen, under the peculiar conditions affecting this country, not only to defend his country when called, but to be trained and prepared to defend it intelligently. And I am proud to acknowledge that I am at present a member of the National Guard of this state. But I believe that such preparations should be in the interests of peace and not of war, and that, in fact, they are the profoundest guarantee of peace, the natural state of mankind. For peace is the natural state of mankind; war unnatural. Sherman said, 'War is hell!' His descendants are now busy at work trying to demonstrate that he really said, 'War is cruelty!' Perhaps our friend, Bishop Codman, would desire to modify further the statement into, 'War is a moral tonic.' But from all my knowledge of the art and tactics of war, from all I can learn from those who have seen its 'horrid front,' I am convinced that Sherman's definition is the profoundest that could ever be framed—war is unequivocally, unimaginably, hell. And by the side the denomination that has written a future hell out of the Christian faith will, I believe, be among the first to assist in wiping a present hell from off the surface of the Christian globe.

I appreciate fully the advantages accruing to a nation from preparation for war for a principle. It purges a nation of effeminacy, superficiality and materialism, and stimulates loyalty, patriotism, self-sacrifice, and that stern and rugged stoicism that endures all things for the supreme end. But the only war that produces any wholesome effects upon a people is the war waged for some great human principle; it is really the action and reaction of that vital, fundamental human principle that secures the beneficial results.

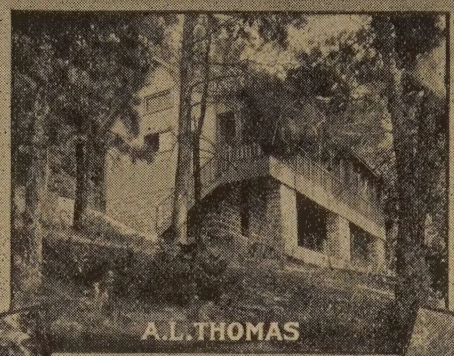
And right here we approach the conditions that present to the church the opportunity for either growth or decay in power. For right here we find the germ of the substitute for war. And there is a substitute, a moral equivalent for war; it lies in the great struggles for vital human principles. And that I believe to be the natural state of mankind,—not lethargy, nor supineness, nor yet the clash of armed men, but peaceful struggle. And with the advance of civilization, I believe that such great struggles will be peaceful, that they must and will proceed without war. And it is this great fact,—that there is a moral equivalent for war and that equivalent lies so peculiarly within the power of the church to influence—that renders so imminent the rise or fall of the church in power. For it is the business of the church, above all other institutions, to see that those great struggles continue and that they continue without war. And as the church participates and leads in those struggles that solve the problems of vital human interest, so its position will rise or fall, so its power will grow or wane.

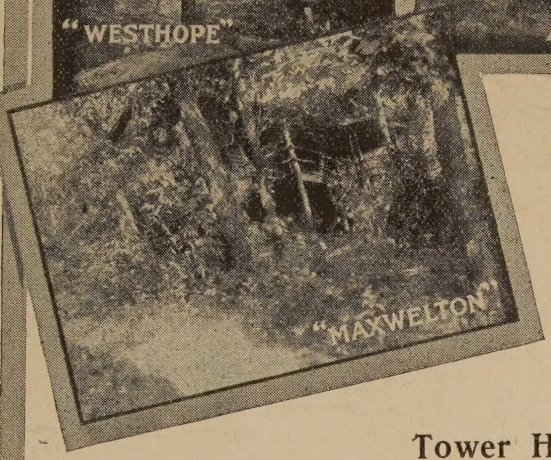
Our civil war was indeed an event of prodigious magnitude, as measured by any standard that history affords. But it was the work done in the years 1783-89 that created a federal nation capable of enduring the storm and stress of the years 1861-65." I believe that today this nation is facing a great crisis, is confronted with tremendous problems that will involve a mighty struggle for human principles, the very foundation principles of this government. We must prove that those great principles that stood the stress of war can stand the strain of peace and prosperity. And I further believe that the church should lead in the solution of these problems,—nay, rather, that the church and its spirit alone can ever finally solve them.

What are those problems? They are the social, economic and political problems that are facing us. They are imminent, they are critical, as every thinking man is aware. They are, in part, the fight for clean business, the fight for clean politics. They must and will go on until they are settled and settled right. And they are fights that will tax this nation in ways that no war could. They are issues that are not and can never be as clean cut and well defined, upon which men can take the decided stand as in war. They are the more insidious, but they are none the less critical, none the less vital. They must be fought out on a higher level than war. They are more complex and they are the more difficult of solution, but they must be as decisively answered if we are to endure. We must cut the cancers of San Francisco graft, of Lorimer election briberies, out of our system or representative government will become a farce and a dismal failure. We must solve the problem of vast and unscrupulous wealth, or its injustices will drive a reluctant people to a violent re-distribution of property.

And what part has the church in these struggles? I say it should have a leading part, if it is to grow in power. Why? Because the church is disinterested; because it is united or is uniting; and mainly because it is the great depository of that virtue of morality which Washington in his farewell address declared to be the necessary spring of popular government. Will the church rise to its responsibility, will it grow in power? If it does it must necessarily know and make known the good and the evil, and must uphold the one and attack the other. And this means that it must know itself and know the facts and be true to itself and true to the facts. And now, perhaps, we can see why the remarks and the attitude of Bishop Codman tend to weaken the church. They are not true to the church; they are not true to the facts. They do not voice the great conviction of the church—of humanity—of what is right, and they do not cling to the facts as they are today. And every attitude, every remark of the church that is not true to the church and true to the facts will tend to weaken the church.

GEORGE E. FOGG.
President of the Maine University Association.





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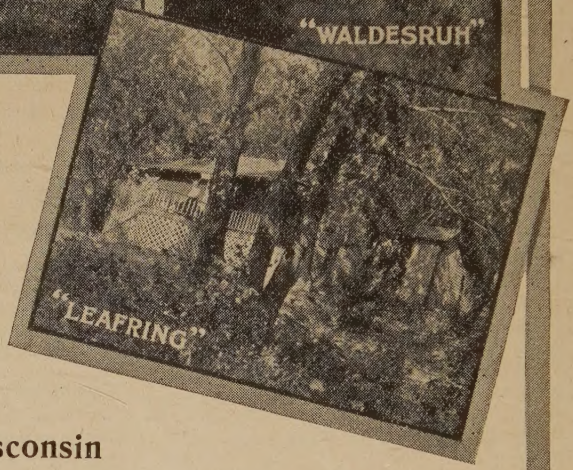

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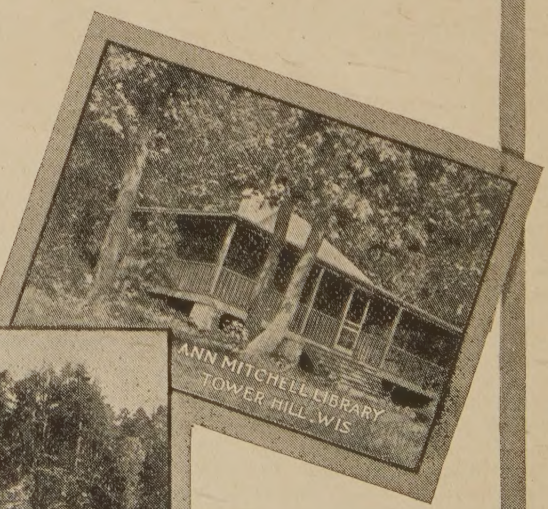

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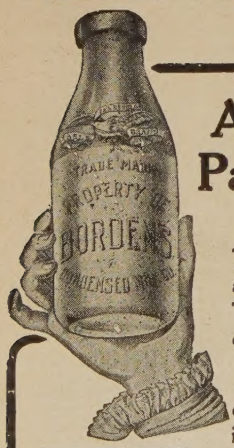

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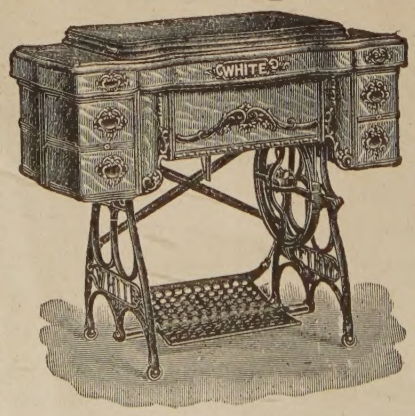

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